

# The Coraddi

*Member of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association*

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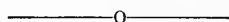
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# Editorials

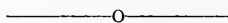


The vitality of a magazine comes from the new life given it thru its new writers. Come on, freshmen, let's keep our magazine alive! We are depending on you this year to help us make THE CORRADI a bigger, better publication than ever before. Just as the College Chorus, the Senior Play, the College Glee Club, etc. have their "trying out" days we are going to have a trying out publication, just to see what hidden sources of thought and expression you have. Therefore we want our next magazine to be a *Freshman Number*—in which everything from the Editorials to the ads is due to the freshman. Now is your time to "pull off" some good jokes on the upper classmen. Show them how well you can write. Make your number of the magazine the best one yet!

For the first time the Inter-collegiate Press Association is meeting at a girl's college and we are fortunate enough to be the college which the association chose. This year begins the second year of the organization, and this is the third meeting, the first meeting being held at the University and the second at Davidson. THE CORRADI extends just as hearty a welcome to the newspapers as to her sister

magazines. We have been eagerly, impatiently awaiting you ever since last spring, and now our *impatience* is rewarded. Press Association, THE CORADDI greets you!

N. C. '23



*"This time, like all times, is a very good one if we but know how to use it—"*

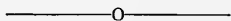
The same old story over again—the rush of modern existence!

Life is so hurriedly passed thru within our eternal  
 AVOID search beyond today for tomorrow that we never  
 THE stop to think just what today holds in store for us.  
 RUSH Today we spend in getting ready for tomorrow and  
 thus begins our life-long existence of preparation.

We get up in the morning irritable and unhappy, unmindful of the fresh, new, glad world about us, only wrapt in plans and thoughts concerning that which is to come, and thus preventing the elevation of our spirits and emotions as they might center around the glorious present. And so it goes—all summer we sew or can or rest, just getting ready for winter. When winter comes we forget to enjoy what we have, but rather we think of the work we must do in order to crowd in all the knowledge that our cerebrums will need over the summer. Preparation is always good, but when one's rich present is sacrificed for a dim future, and when that future becomes the present, we but find that tomorrow is like today. Happiness and sunshine are around us always, if we but leave off our hungry search for the things of tomorrow and drink deep of the certain glory and splendor of today. Even if our divines should sing together "Do not live to enjoy life, but live to enjoy death", we maintain that the philosophy of the older divines might as well be employed. Therefore

"Eat, drink and be merry  
 For tomorrow we may die."

Should a college magazine be a purely literary production, holding in its slender covers all of the rays of the classic age that have come thus far thru the years to us and that may to the average student seem cold and lifeless? Or should the college magazine be a constant pleasure, an unfailing uplift to each and every girl in college? Emphatically yes! We want the magazine to be literary, of course, but not to such a degree that it becomes a cold reference book to the student. We want to make the magazine an organ of expression, voicing the aims, the ideals, the thoughts of a normal, life-loving girl. Help us make this a possibility, help us to put into it not less of head, but more of heart.



Have you stopped to think who it is that makes up the student body of the North Carolina College for Women? It is *you*—and not the girl who wanted to come but could not. Considering that you are among the “chosen few”, that you are really a student in one of the foremost colleges in our state, are you going to drift along, passing your work by the skin of your teeth, flunking the proverbial bug-bear Math., etc. or are you going to take advantage of these, your opportunities, and be a maximum student in all phrases of college activities?

To do this you must be willing to co-operate with your fellow students and faculty, in your class work. Societies, Student Government Association, Y. W. C. A., Athletics, etc. You are given a large amount of freedom in the choice of your work, the amount of time you spend on it—and after all, in the kind of college citizen you are going to make of yourself. Take the initiative! Show yourself and the college what you can do. Begin your climb towards that possible, yet sublime goal “the maximum student”.

S. H. '24

## THE SPIRIT OF AUTUMN

EMELINE GOFORTH, *Dikean*, '22

There's something in the wholesome, hazy air today  
That whispers of goldenrod, shy, blue-fringed gentians  
That tells me how, in the hush of the far away woods  
Bright autumn leaves fall in the brook thru the beautiful, breathless silence.

I know that skies are very blue and still  
Over the purple and yellow and green tinted hillsides  
And over the echoing uplands and shadowy lowlands  
A richer, riper glow of sunset lingers, falteringly.

Touched with an infinite happiness I walk the streets  
of the city

I hear the swing and the clang of the cars as the pass  
incessantly by—

I see the streets teeming with brightly dressed, poorly  
dressed people.

Happy faced, sad faced people, shrill-voiced newsboys,  
school children gay.

Strange—everything seems moving and, changing  
unsatisfied,

But the something in the wholesome, hazy air  
That whispers of goldenrod, shy, blue-fringed gentians  
The infinite blue of the sky, and the hush of the Autumn woods.

## MR. BILL ACQUIRES A WIFE

PAULINE LUCAS, *Adelphian*, '22

The sun beat down heavily upon the little town of Morrisville. In McKinley's Drug Store lanky youths hung over the soda fountain. Out in front of Campbell's Grocery Store the old sorrel dray horse stood, nodding her head, completely deprived of all energy, save just enough to give her tail a switch, now and then, to drive off some tormenting fly. Inside the store, cabbage withered, and candy melted and ran together. The clerks wandered to the cooler to get a drink of ice water, and came away only to wander back again for another drink. Down in Jackson's Music Store a piano thumped for a while and then stopped wearily.

Patricia Alexander, commonly known to her friends as "Patty", and to her brother as "Pat", crouched down on the counter of Cahoon's Dry Goods Store, and idly turned the pages of "The Ladies Home Journal". She stopped presently to curl her lips scornfully over a full page illustration of a picnic crowd spending a joyful day at the beach.

"Some people have all the fun," said Patty, as she ran her hand through her moist hair. "Some of these days I am going to start out, and I mean to have a time! You watch me and see."

"Where do you think you are going to find it?" asked Miss Andrews, who had been in the store for fifteen years, and who felt perfectly contented to remain there day in and day out. Each summer she spent two weeks with her sister in the adjoining town, and upon her return she always declared emphatically, "I have enjoyed my stay at Sister's, but I am glad to get back. There is no place like home for me."

"Do you suppose you are going to find your 'good time' as you call it at your Aunt's? If I am not mistaken your Aunt will keep you at home as usual."

Her complacency irritated Patty beyond measure. "I am not going to my Aunt's this summer," she announced. It was the first time that such a thing had occurred to her, and she was immensely pleased with the idea.

"But what will your Aunt have to say?"

"I don't know, and I certainly don't care," declared Patty. "Each summer I go to spend a month with Aunt Sally, and I never leave the place while I am there. I go to school nine months to the year, one month I stay with Aunt Sally, and the two months I beg jobs around this town so that I may have something to do. I am getting tired of it too."

"Where will you go?" questioned Miss Andrews.

The eyes of Patricia fell upon the open pages of "The Ladies Home Journal".

"I think I shall go to some summer resort," she said.

Miss Andrews laughed. "My dear, you had better ask your father about it first."

"That is all right about Papa," Patty answered. "This is the hottest day I have ever seen," she grumbled.

At six o'clock the sound of an automobile horn brought Patty to the front of the store.

"Ready in a minute," she called to her brother.

"Sam," she said when she had settled down by his side on the front seat, "I have made up my mind about something."

"You don't say so! How very remarkable for you," mocked her brother.

"Now hush, silly, and listen to me," and she told him of her decision to go to the beach that summer instead of paying the annual visit to her Aunt.

"But you don't know anyone at the beach," said Sam, when she had finished.

"I know I don't, but I will soon meet someone when I get there."

"Papa won't let you go unless there is someone going along that you know, and, besides, Aunt Sally will raise Cain."



"Let her raise it then. Now, Sam, I am determined that I will not go to Aunt Sally's and I am equally as determined that I will go to some place where I will have a good time. I wish I were a boy, and then I reckon that I could do as I please. Why is it that you don't have to go to Aunt Sally's? You are as much related to her as I am. I know if mother was living she wouldn't treat me this way," and by this time Patty was almost on the verge of tears.

"Wait a minute! wait a minute! I believe you are running down. Let me wind you up again!" exclaimed her brother.

"O, hush up! You don't know a thing about what girls have to contend with," said Patty, and she laughed.

"But, Sam, I do want to go to some summer resort, and I want to go very much" she said, putting a great deal of emphasis on the "very much". "I intend to offer the suggestion to Papa at supper."

By this time they had covered the mile between town and the Alexander farm. Slipping into the kitchen, Patty attacked the old negro cook.

"Mandy", she urged, "have some of those little cakes that Papa is so crazy about, and have some blackberry tarts for desert, and make the tea better than ever before. Do this for me, Mandy, and I'll dance at your wedding."

"Law's a massey, honey, dat I will. I see right now yo' goin' tease yo' daddy out of 'somfin'."

"I am going to try it."

When Mr. Alexander came in to supper, his face beamed at the sight of his favorite dishes.

"Well, Miss Patty," he said, rumpling his daughter's hair, "had a nice time to-day?"

"Just about," she answered.

She chatted on about nothing in particular until her father had almost finished his supper.

"Papa," she began a little uneasily, "I am not going to Aunt Sally's this summer."

"Eh?"

"I am not going to Aunt Sally's this summer."

"Not eh!"

"No, sir."

Then a silence, broken by a smothered cough from Sam. Patty kicked him under the table.

"Papa I—that is, would you—I thought maybe I could go to the beach this summer."

"Who do you know at the beach, honey?"

"Nobody, but I would soon meet a lot of nice folks, I know I would."

Then another silence during which Patty frowned desperately at Sam.

"What will your Aunt Sally say?" her father asked finally.

"Oh, I don't know, Papa, but I simply could not stand to go to Aunt Sally's again this summer. It is *positively* dead there."

"But, Pat, you can't go off to some place where you don't know a soul. And, besides, my child, I am afraid that it wouldn't be treating Aunt Sally right."

His tone was final, and Patty urged no more, but she was keenly disappointed.

And as Aunt Mandy said, "dat po' chile was madder'n a wet hen!"

\* \* \* \* \*

People said that Miss Sally Alexander was a belle in her day. Indeed, it was no uncommon sight to see the yard filled with buggies on a Sunday afternoon, and to hear peal after peal of laughter coming from the parlor "up at the old Alexander place".

Many a longing sigh was cast in Miss Sally's direction, but it did no good. The neighbors called her a little hard-hearted, but Uncle Jacob Grimsley, who kept the little country

store, "just down the road a little piece", said that "Sally Alexander was plumb hard-headed, as stubborn as a mule". The story of Miss Sally was a favorite one with Uncle Jacob, and he told it again and again to the younger generation, who came down to the store for little odds and ends, and who sat lined up on top of the counter.

"Yes, sir-ree," he would say, spitting wildly toward the door. "I 'member the time jest as well as if 'twas yesterday. Miss Sally never let on that she liked none of them fellows that hung 'round there of a Sunday evenin'. By an' by Bill Simmons got the best of her, an' made her promise to marry him. But law, if he thought the battle was won, he soon larnt otherwise. Miss Sally an' him seemed fine as silk at first along, an' Miss Sally was soft an' easy as a kitten."

"Well, one night when Bill come 'round, they got to discussin' the weddin' day, an' Bill, he stuck his thumbs in his vest an' told Miss Sally as how he was plannin' to fix up the old house to welcome the bride. Then Miss Sally ups an' says that she couldn't think of leavin' the old home place, an' goin' to live with all them kids in the Simmon's family. She vowed an' 'clared that Bill 'ud have to come an' live at her place. Well, they had it hot an' heavy, an' Bill, who was as stubborn as Miss Sally, 'clares that never will he come there to live. An' Miss Sally comes back at him with a 'never will she marry him till he changes his mind'."

"By and by, Bill sort of comes down off his high hoss, an' begs Miss Sally to re-con-sider, but no ma'am. Miss Sally treats him that cold an' disdainful, that Bill in a rage goes courtin' over on Pikes Ridge, an' gets married in a little o' no time. An' since that time Miss Sally has been a man hater shore 'nough."

"It does make me powerful sorry for that little niece of her'n that comes over here every summer. Miss Sally won't let her go near no young folks, not a single one, and I heard Miss Sally's hired woman say as how Miss Sally preached

to her all the time 'bout the deceitfulness of men," and Uncle Jacob shook his head sympathetically.

"But, Uncle Jacob, what made Mister Bill Simmons go off an' marry somebody else?"

"Land, honey, that's the way with some folks. They get sniffed an' off they go to do something that they'll regret ever after."

"Mister Bill Simmons ain't got no wife now, is he?"

"No, Sonny, she died in a little while after they was married. She was a pore little onhealthy thing anyhow, and so when she was took sick one winter with the grip the pore little thing died in no time."

"Uncle Jacob, don't you 'spose Miss Sally and Mister Bill are lonesome? I wisht him and Miss Sally would git married."

"Land a mercy, Sonny, you better never let Miss Sally hear you voice them senti-ments!"

"Here comes Mister Bill right now. Land! look how that horse does step!"

Mr. Bill Simmons came into the store and handed Uncle Jacob a bucket of eggs. "It was all I could do to keep that blessed horse from breaking 'em, Uncle Jacob."

"Well, children, what tale has Uncle Jacob been telling you now?"

The children gazed at him in open mouthed astonishment.

"Mith Sally hath goth thum new biddiths," ventured little Epsie Parker shyly.

"Hush, Epsie, you all time saying something when you hadn't oughter," reproved her brother sharply.

Mr. Bill pulled one of Epsie's curls slowly through his fingers. "What is that about Miss Sally's biddies?" he asked.

But Epsie, warned by her brother's elbow, only looked at him shyly and shook her head.

"Uncle Jacob, I'll stop for the bucket when I come along back from town."

Just as he was entering town, he met Miss Sally coming out, and with her a young girl, whom Bill recognized as Patty, Miss Sally's niece. Miss Sally looked neither to the right nor to the left, but kept her eyes straight in front of her. Of course she didn't see Mr. Bill when he lifted his hat. But Patty saw a flush mount to her Aunt's face, and wondered what she saw up the road to make her face go red and stern looking in that way.

That was on Wednesday, and one week from the following Sunday, the little community was turned upside down. Mondays were usually dull days for Uncle Jacob, but on the following Monday after the eventful day, every child in the neighborhood, who could slip down to the store, was there.

"Yes sir-ree" declared Uncle Jacob, with a solemn shake of his head, "'twas the biggest shake-up this here neighborhood has had since them gypsies got took up for trying to steal the Smith's baby. Think about it all turnin' out that way after fifteen year."

"Were you there Uncle Jacob? Did you see 'em?"

"That I was honey! There was the church all fixed up purty like with flowers, an' them kinky lookin things they call ferns; an' the preacher a-standin' there lookin' more solemn-like than I've seen him since Ben Sykes got converted; an' the folks all awaitin' for the bride to come in. Mis' Parker was a playin' the organ sorter soft like, an' lookin' like she did the day she stood up with Jim Parker. Then the bride come in on her pappy's arm, lookin' purtier than I ever seen her."

"Then I happened to look at Bill Simmons' face. He was a gazin' straight acrost the isle at somebody, an' not a-looking at the bride a-tall. His face looked so curious like that I looked to see what he was a-gazing at, an' land-a-mercy! if there didn't set Miss Sally. I don't know why I hadn't seen her before, for it was the fust time in fifteen years she had been to a weddin'. She was a little white an' shaky lookin', and her

"By the time the preacher had per-nounced them man and wife, Miss Sally was a-feelin' better, 'cause her face had its old hands were of a fair tremble. Land! to think after all these years, a weddin' makin' Miss Sally look like that." hard look, an' her head was in the air higher than ever, an' her mouth was shut so tight that nobody would ever think it could get all shaky-like. But Bill Simmons knew."

"Well, as soon as the ceremony was all over, Miss Sally took that little niece of hern by the arm an' marched her home. I guess she gave her a lecture on the wrong-doin's of men-folks," and Uncle Jacob ran his hand over his bald head and chuckled.

"That was on Sunday mornin', 'an Sunday evenin' when I driv' by Miss Sally's place, I saw Bill's horse fastened to the gate post, and I hear as how everything is fixed up between them."

Of course Uncle Jacob knew a good deal about the matter, he always knew what happened in the neighborhood, but he could not know how completely Miss Sally changed back to the old Sally, whom the neighborhood had adored.

Mr. Bill Simmons had gone straight to Miss Sally, had declared his love, and demanded that no more time he wasted on account of a little pride. It was a hard battle for Mr. Bill, but he came out victorious in the end.

And so, after fifteen years they again planned their honeymoon.

"We must take Patty with us," said Mr. Bill after Miss Sally told him how Patty had declared that she was tired of staying at home all the time, and that she was going to the wedding alone if her Aunt wouldn't go with her.

"Yes, we must certainly take the dear child to the beach with us. It will do her good."

At this moment Patty, entering the hall, heard them. For a minute she stood there amazed. Then in a flash she realized what had happened. Her face, which had been filled with a

stubborn determination, now became exceedingly mischievous. She crept back out on the porch, and the boy waiting there for her looked at her eagerly.

"What did she say, Patty?"

"Hush!" whispered Patty. "Come on around the house so they won't hear us."

"They?" questioned the boy.

"Yes, they," said Patty and she told him. "Now come on and do exactly what I tell you, and be sure to talk loud so they can hear us," and they went up on the porch arguing in a loud voice.

"I can't, Bob, you know I can't! Aunt Sally never would let me in the world."

"Aw, Patty! come on! You might ask her," pleaded the youth.

"But you know it won't do a bit of good. You know Aunt Sally says that men are the cause of all the trouble in the world."

Miss Sally jerked her head from where it was resting on Mr. Bill's shoulder.

"Why," she gasped, "why, I never said anything of the kind!"



## SONG OF THE SEA

MARY JOHN, *Dikean*, '22

The sea is a mighty robber  
As it sweeps from coast to coast  
Taking into its toll  
Of life and gold,  
All that man values most.  
And even while it robs you  
It makes its hold complete—  
But the sea's my little playmate  
When it comes to kiss my feet.

The sea's a light deceiver  
See it spread its waves in glee,  
How it waits,  
It hesitates,  
Oh! clutching fingers of the sea.  
I shudder when I see it  
For I know it means deceit—  
But the sea's my little playmate  
When it comes to kiss my feet.

The sea's a lovely siren  
With a voice of liquid gold,  
Singing a song  
All the day long—  
Traitor to hearts of the bold,  
I too, feel the call of its notes  
So wild and fresh and sweet—  
But the sea's my little playmate  
When it comes to kiss my feet.



## WHAT WILL WOMEN DO WITH THE VOTE?

E. L. SINK, *Dikean*, '22

Equality of Suffrage is a fact. It is the result of a crusade—a crusade that has lasted for more than three generations. Already you know with what tireless effort and high courage women have striven for the vote. Now that they have achieved equal suffrage with men—now that they have their vote—what are they going to do with it? Will they settle down to equal apathy with men and let politicians run our government? Since women are natural lovers of fashion will they vote the way that is most fashionable? Or will they, carried off their feet with emotion, run riot to reform the world? Someone, on being asked what women would do with the vote replied, very imperitively. "They will do what they please." With the power of the vote the women can do what they please. Mrs Carrie C. Catt says one means of judging a party is the way in which they carry out their platform. This may also be applied to the League of Women Voters. Let us take a glimpse of the woman's platform to see on what material their plans are based.

Since the whole of woman's life centers around the child her first reform asked Congress was for child protection. It included a children's bureau, provisions for prohibition of child labor and for the protection of child life during infancy.

Realizing that the hope of the nation lies in the education of its people the women asked for better education as their second reform.

For making more efficient the one institution that women has long run she asks for training in home economics as her third reform.

In her fourth she asked for her sister in occupation equal wage earning and improvement in working conditions.

Her fifth reform asked for legislation concerning health

and morals. It is here where women will find opportunity to carry her art in "house cleaning" in the government.

Her sixth reform places the citizenship of women on a more equal footing with that of men.

All six of these have to do with human life. The platform includes subjects upon which women, because of their experience as mothers, home-makers and wage earners have a distinctive point of view. They are what women have proposed to do with their vote. What they are already doing was shown in the last convention of the League of Women Voters. It proved that the women were still holding fast to their ideals, that clearer has grown these ideals to stimulate better citizenship and to secure such legislation as will make for higher efficiency in government and that the bonds of union of women voters will grow stronger under the test.

The vote has brought us power to do what we wish. It is our responsibility to use this power to become a vital and helpful force in our country. It is not only for us to use the vote wisely ourselves but to encourage and instruct those who do not know enough to even want it to a better appreciation of the age in which they are living. It is going to take many years to carry all the planks of our platform. We cannot cease working a single moment. We must endeavor not only to live up to ideals already expressed in our platform but to develop those ideals greatly. To fulfil the big place that is now open to us we must be *thinking*. Realizing the responsibility placed upon us and the situation of the world around us we can truly say with Abraham Lincoln, "The occasion is piled high with difficulty but we must rise to the occasion."

## "THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING"

MARY JOHN, *Dikean*, '22

It was after the Christmas holidays and I was returning to college with a great many other college girls who, with their woe-be-gone faces seemed the very incarnations of the expression "It's all over but the weeping". As for me, I felt like "It's all over but the memories"—tho they were a great deal of comfort in themselves. The fact is the day was very damp and dismal inside the train as well as out, for everybody was all rumpled up and decidedly grumpy. Even I was solemn enough looking with mud splashed on my shoes and my hair all straight and wispy where the rain had taken out the curl. Inside, however, my memories kept me singing with joy. The reason? Well—I'll tell you. I had caught me a man Christmas! Think of it, a real man! I could hardly wait to get back and tell the girls about him. Oh he was the nicest person! He had the nices brown hair, brown eyes, and the sweetse tenor voice. I had hinted at Junior-Senior, and he had hinted back that he would come on my bid if I asked him. Gee! I could hardly contain myself!

Well, I finally got there, and when our bunch got together up in Clara's room after dinner, I told my grand news. I told it kind of casually, you know, altho I was just thrilled to death, and they were awfully excited.

The next few months, Andrew wrote me the cutest letters. When Junior-Senior invitations were finally out, he wrot me to say he'd try right there, and, by the way, was it very formal? He said he imagined it was, and was thinking of me meeting him at the entrance—a picture in a pink evening dress. Wasn't I thrilled tho! I knew what he wanted, so I wrote back that I would meet him in a yellow evening dress, and all the time I was hoping and praying that he'd send sunset roses.

At last the morning of the great day dawned, and it

seemed as if the night would never come. Just as I was in the midst of a beautiful day dream (just to pass the time away) a day dream in which Andrew and I walked across to take our places at the table and every body stopped to look at us, because we made such a handsome couple, and he looked at me so sweetly, the dream was broken by a special from Andrew. He had written to say that his sister's mother-in-law had died and he found it impossible to come. He was sending a friend, Jerry Leonard, however, to take his place as he hated to spoil my plans. I was awfully disappointed, but I knew Andrew would send the flowers anyhow, and I still had a man, even if it was not Andrew.

That night as I was dressing, the maid brought me a huge box from the florist's. Why it was tremendous! Andrew must have sent me enough flowers for several corsages. I was so excited that I could hardly untie the string, and wished my roommate, Kate, had gone off to borrow some pins. I opened the box. The odor from the flowers was as sweet as could be, but strangely unfamiliar. The enclosed card read "Mr. James Andrew Marrow", and the flowers—but just then I heard my roommate coming and I suddenly felt as if I'd die if she saw those flowers. I threw the lid on the box, stuffed it under my bed, and was putting on my slippers when she came in.

"What is that queer sweet odor I smell?" she asked.

"Oh—ah—" I faltered, "Ah—I—I spilled some of my new toilet water!"

"I didn't know you had any! Why didn't you tell me so I could have used some?" she said, but was too excited to get mad when I didn't or rather couldn't answer her.

Junior-Senior came off pretty well. Jerry wasn't very good looking. I didn't wear the flowers, and we got at a rather stiff table. Once when the orchestra made it impossible for anyone else to hear, Jerry leaned over and said "Gee! if I'd known Andrew would be such a pill as not to send flowers

after he told me not to, as he would, I'd have sent you a whopping big bouquet myself."

"Oh!", I gasped, "Andrew's not a pill—and besides he did send me flowers—ah—but—I—ah— didn't want to—ah—wear one man's flowers—when I went with another one—so there!"

"Well of all crazy people!" was all he said.

The next morning, Sunday morning, I woke up at day-break, and slipped quietly out of the room without waking my roommate. In about a half hour, I came back and got in bed again so that she wouldn't know the difference. I didn't go to breakfast. I just couldn't—but when Kate came back she was awfully excited, and yelled out almost as soon as she opened the door.

"Have you heard the news? One of those fat girls who hikes every morning to reduce found the most beautiful and expensive funeral wreath imaginable in the little pond in the pasture!"

Poor Andrews' flowers! I hope his sister' mother-in-law enjoyed my corsage of sunset roses!



## JAKE'S STRATEGY

FLORENCE WINSTEAD, *Adelphian*, '24

"Lors have mercy on me! Come here, Jake! I thought I told you to shell those peas!" exclaimed the petulant voice of Miss "Angy" as she spied the small colored boy in the garden listlessly moving a hoe up and down.

"Yassum, Miss Angy. I done started to shell de peas when I 'membered you done tol' me t' hoe de gyarden," came the drawling reply.

"It's too hot to hoe now. You should have done that two hours ago. I've got to have these peas for dinner. Come here and help me shell them!"

"Yassum, Miss Angy. Ise comming." As he let the hoe drop from his hands, "Granny Moses, I shore is hot, dis here sun—"

"Jake," remonstrated Miss Angy as she started shelling the peas, "I thought I told you never to take the names of the Biblical characters in vain!"

"Dat ain't no bib'cal caracty, Miss Angy," defended Jake mildly, "dats jus' my old grandpa's name."

"Humph," sniffed Miss Angy.

All this time Miss Angy's industrious fingers were busily opening full green pods, while Jake sat on the edge of the porch swinging his feet, and slowly ran his finger along each pod, then watched the peas as they rolled gently into the pan.

"Miss Angy, did you hear 'bout de scandal?" languidly folding his hands.

"I don't know, Jake. What scandal?" Miss Angy looked up from her peas with sudden interest.

"Yassum, Miss Angy. De bigges' kin' o' scandal you eber heared of."

"Well? Why don't you go on?" impatiently.

"We-ll, you se, it were dis a-way. Old man Simmons,

he up an' 'lef' is own wife an' gal—,"he paused to gently fan the fly from his low black forehead.

"Well, where did he go? What did he go for?"

"Yassum, Miss Angy. Jus' one at a time, please mam. He say he plum tired ob being bossed 'round by 'is own wife an' gal. Mo-ober, he won't gwine neber come back nomo!"

"And what did old Mrs. Simmons do about it?" inquired Miss Angy with an appreciative smile playing around her thin lips.

"Do?"—Jake crossed his legs with exasperating slowness. "Granny Mo—, I mean goodness! She didn't no nofin but go down in the woods whar she knew he wuz campin' an' fetch him back home by de collar! She shore wuz one mad 'omean!"

Jake grinned cheerfully as he eyed sidewise the pan filled with shelled peas.

"Well! Is that your scandal?" asked Miss Angy disdainfully as she picked up the pan. "I think I'll try Mrs. Simmon's methods, if you don't use your arms more and your mouth less," was her parting remark as she disappeared within the house.



# Contributors Club

## THE MOST POPULAR COURSES IN COLLEGE

CRYSTAL DAVIS, *Cornelian*, '24

As all the courses offered in our college are not fully explained in the catalogue, I have been asked to give the new girls a short sketch of the most popular ones, touching briefly on the uniforms, materials needed, and value of each.

First, in the opinions of the old girls, comes the chafing-dish course. The uniform is usually a brilliantly colored kimona, bed-room slippers and three or more curlers, worn around the face. The materials needed are a chafing-dish, a knife, a fork, and spoon, a flat pan, and an unlimited allowance. A nail file, if desired, may be substituted for the knife. Any old girl will be glad to help you in this course, as, to their parents' dismay, many of them refuse to drop it, and continue it all four years. This course if indulged in extensively, will bring you many friends, a bad complexion, bad dreams, and bad grades.

Next comes the course in current literature. The text is Snappy Stories, The Follies, The Whiz Bang, or any of the popular periodicals.

These can be purchased at any corner news-stand for twenty-five cents or more. Under the mattress is the best book-case, since old girls, as well as new, take this course, and your text book may snap or whizz away.

The costume is the same as that used for the chafing-dish course, and both courses may be conveniently majored in at



the same time. The value may easily be seen, as this course improves your sense of humor, and cultivates your taste in good literature, turning it towards the romantic and true forms.

The third, and last course, is the one in breaking "Busy" signs. Bed-room slippers, or other soft-soled shoes are desirable. An instructor is hard to find, and this course is learned chiefly through necessity, such as hunger, or a desire to learn what the Math. lesson is. If practised constantly, it will probably bring you up before the board, and result in the delightful experience of being "campused".

I hope that in these few words I have been able to explain a great many things which have been puzzling the freshmen. If, however, any doubt remains, it may be cleared by visiting any dormitory on the campus between the hours of seven-thirty and ten-fifteen.



## DOG GONE AND DOG HERE

VIRGINIA TERRELL, *Adelphian*, '23

Ye shades of lost pets! Brown dogs, like Math. we have with us always. Scarcely have we snatched one dog from the mouth of a dog killers' revolver and spirited him away to the western part of the state, at the cost of an English class when another, equally as brown and bold dashes into our midst, particularly into our dining-room.

The erstwhile canine made himself famous in chapel where he once delivered an oration which declared him a Henry of hounds, and contributed to the singing with unrivalled fervor, and applause.

His departure was a forced one, aid being called in from town, and had it not been for the tenderness of heart displayed

by one member of the faculty in dismissing a class and sitting on the box as if to say "If you love me, love this dog," or "Give me this dog or give me goulash" or "down with the dog killers!" there would have been no dog to wag his tale, and this would have been a graveyard tribute.

Surely this newcomer can't be the same dog, but verily from his actions Friday morning in the dining-room one would assume he was perfectly at home. After drinking water from one of the pitchers in West dining-room he dashed madly through Spencer at a rate that proved him a good sprinter, which the other one, at least, never showed signs of being.

If this new over grown pup develops any oratorical ability, it might be interesting to send for our former friend, and stage a debate, for cases have been heard of in which opponents brought in something even stronger than debate when arguing over the proposition of favorite at a girl's college.





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Black and white and green and blue—  
Short ones, long ones, tight ones, wide ones—  
Ugly—pretty—yet similar too.

Jumper dresses on the campus  
Jumper dresses on the street  
Jumper dresses on the mighty  
On the meek, on all you meet.

On this campus, plain and fancy  
Jumpers jump at wher'ere you be  
For the state-wide show of jumpers  
Is complete at N. C. C.

---

A dash and a knock and a vision of red  
Towel, tooth-brush and soap-dish bright—  
It's just our curler-crowned proctor  
Telling her sheep good-night. —RENA COLE, '24

Student to professor—Mr. T. I've looked all thru Wordsworth's poems and I can't find that poem that begins

"Why so pale and wan, fair lover?

Pritee why so pale?"

---

Freshman, inquiring about the duties of our high and mighty rulers—"What's the difference between Miss K. and Miss G?"

Old girl—"Weight and size 'em up!"

---

One roommate to another—"Mary, do have a piece of this apple. It's rotten."

---

New girl to Student Government president—"Say, are you a proctor, or what?"

---

Hygiene teacher—"How is your college environment different from your home environment?"

Student—"Well, you are polite when you are at the college."

---

On criticisms of witticisms

Our magazine can't thrive—

On wordy flights of heart-breaking blights

We can't pull out alive.

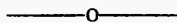
We need your help at every step—

We're young at editing, sure,

But with your aid we'll make a raid

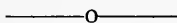
On the campus literature

"Mary", said the critic to her long and short friend as they started out to play tennis, "you and Ruth look like Mags and Jiggie in the Garden of Evil."



Miss Mendenhall—"Mary, what is a rhombus?"

Mary W.—"Er-It's a lop-sided rectangle."



Old girl—"What society do you hope you'll be in?"

New girl—"Sears-Roebucks."

Old girl—"What kind of society is that, please?"

New girl—"The last one they showed at College Night party, when that girl held up those scales like are always on the back of Sears-Roebuck catalogue."



# Exchanges



Our Exchange Department for this year is as yet in the embryonic stage development. Our hopes for a beneficial and interesting department however, have long ago passed that microscopic stage, for we build our hopes and a foundation of our ideals—and that means that we will work hand in hand with our neighboring publications. It is thru this department that we will reap the benefits of constructive criticism, and in our turn offer what criticism we may.

The September edition of The Acorn has reached us. That publication is to be congratulated upon getting together material of such a quality during the trying first weeks. The part that stories play in this magazine is splendid. There is a lack of informal essays, however that might well be remedied.

The Carolina Magazine is a marvel to us. It certainly is an organ of free speech—and just as certainly it voices some of our thoughts which in our timidity, we dare not express. For instance—"The Secrets of Booting Exposed" or "Compulsory Chapel." The verse in the magazine is fairly good especially the "Four Years in College". There's something too, in The Call of the Open Road that stirs up the Pioneer spirit in our natures. Your editorials are especially good.

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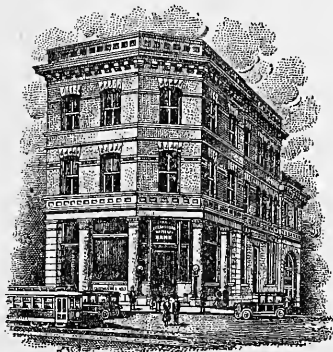
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